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THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 20. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1ST, 1914. PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23rd,

Great Demonstration

At EAST INDIA DOCK GATES, Poplar,

4 p.m.

Speakers:

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST,

JOHN SCURR, Mrs. WALKER, Mrs. DRAKE, and others.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Tuesday, Aug. 4th, 3 p.m.—31 Churchill Rd., Hackney—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—E. India Dock Gates—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—Limehouse, Burdett Rd., and Coutts Rd.—Miss Kettle.
Wednesday, Aug. 5th, 8 p.m.—319 E. India Dock Rd.—Miss Kettle.
8 p.m.—Chrisp St. & Charles St., Bromley.
Thursday, Aug. 6th, 3 p.m.—319 E. India Dock Rd., Poplar—Mrs. Bradley.
8 p.m.—124 Barking Rd., Canning Town—Mrs. Bennett.
8 p.m.—Knapp Rd., Bromley—Mrs. Walker
Friday, Aug. 7th, 8 p.m.—Beckton Rd., Canning Town—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—Piggott St., Poplar.
8 p.m.—The Women's Hall, Bow—Members' meeting.
Sunday, Aug. 9th, 3 p.m.—Victoria Park—Mrs. Bouvier.
8 p.m.—Women's Hall, Old Ford Rd., Bow—Miss Georgina Brackenbury, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Bouvier.

WIRTH'S,

Bakers and Confectioners,

WEDDING CAKES MADE TO ORDER.

161 Roman Road.

Mrs. PANKHURST AND THE KING.

Mrs. Pankhurst has sent the following letter to the King in which, referring to the Conference on Ulster, she says:

Your Majesty has not only received these militant men, but has condoned their lawless and violent methods by saying: "The trend of events in Ireland has been surely and steadily towards an appeal to force, and to-day the cry of civil war is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people." I would call your Majesty to witness that the equally responsible, sober minded, and public-spirited are those women who have resorted to militant methods because they have found by experience that all other methods of winning their just right to vote are ineffectual. . . . .

It can no longer be urged in answer to our claim that your Majesty cannot receive us, save upon the advice of Ministers, for it would appear that the course of inviting the members of the Irish Conference to attend Buckingham Palace, receiving them in person, and addressing to them words relating to the Irish situation, has been taken upon your Majesty's own personal initiative. If, however, Ministers are responsible for this course of action, then it is incumbent upon them to advise that the deputation of the Women's Social and Political Union, recently maltreated and arrested for trying to reach your Majesty's presence, shall now be received. . . . .

Our right to be received by your Majesty in person will again be actively asserted at a time which seems to us appropriate.

A TITLE COUNTS!

Two titled ladies were arrested on July 23rd, when taking Mrs. Pankhurst's letter to the King. They were charged with obstruction but, on refusing to be bound over, were dismissed when the court rose. Once again this snobbish Government cringes before titles. How would two unknown working women have been treated in the same circumstances?

HUMBUG.

Last week the Liberal Member for Aberdeen, Mr. D. V. Pirie, asked the Prime Minister whether the House would be allowed to give a free vote, without the Party Whips, on the Amending Bill to the Home Rule Bill, "in order that the good sense of the House might prevail and relieve the crisis." Mr. Asquith said "no." Suffragists should notice that although a free vote of the House is always suggested as a solution to the Votes for Women question, the Government never allow a free vote on matters for which they really care. This should prove to us all that, as Parliament is managed at present, an offer of a free vote on any large question is absolutely worthless.

WANTED, middle-aged working Housekeeper; good cook. One child not objected to. For country cottage.—"B," Brooklands Farm, Fordcombe, near Tunbridge Wells.

MEN OF KENT DEMAND WOMEN'S VOTES.

On Saturday, July 25th, a deputation of 45 men representing the Trades Council of Ashford (Kent), came up to London with their wives and children. The Prime Minister had told the men of Kent that he would not receive them, but they proceeded to Downing Street to demand an interview nevertheless. They were met by Mr. Eric Drummond, the Prime Minister's second Secretary, who said that Mr. Asquith was away, and argued that there was no reason to complain at his having gone, because he had received many Suffrage deputations. The men of Kent asked what deputations on the Women's Suffrage had been received. Mr. Drummond answered, quite glibly, that the Prime Minister had seen the East London women, and, after some humming and hawing, that he thought he had re-received a deputation headed by Mrs. Fawcett. The Ashford men asked whether any deputation of men electors, who wished to press the question of Votes for Women, had been received, and Mr. Drummond said that he thought that must be so, but he did not know. The men of Kent of course knew that Mr. Asquith has refused to receive every deputation of men electors who have wished to wait upon him to discuss this question, and they were amazed to find that a Prime Minister's Secretary should be so ill informed. They therefore left the following protest to be given to Mr. Asquith:—

To the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P.

We herewith beg to lodge our Protest at your repeated refusal to receive the citizens of the Realm when they desire to approach you on the subject of Women's Rights.

There is a demand for Women's Suffrage which cannot with safety be delayed, and unless this question is satisfactory dealt with BEFORE your Government goes out of office, we shall consider any proposal which your party may call "Democratic" and place before the country at the General Election is merely a party manœuvre to catch the Labour Vote in order to return your Government to power.

Seeing that you have declined to consider any form of Women's Suffrage, democratic or otherwise, during your tenure of office, and that you killed a Democratic Measure by your drafting of the Franchise Reform Bill of 1913, we can but look upon any appeal to the electors with the greatest mistrust.

The women of the country are taxed up to the hilt. They are unable to influence legislation, which differentiates between men and women. Their interests are not fairly dealt with, and all you offer them is coercion instead of representation.

(Signed) COUNCILLOR BOLTON
(Hon. Sec. of the Deputation of Voters of Kent).

The Ashford men are now determined to organise a joint deputation from all the Kentish Trades Councils, which will come up to London, to demand that their voices be heard in the interests of Votes for Women.

East London Trades Councils must not allow the men of Kent to leave them behind!

EAST LONDON IN BOADICEA'S CAMP.

A FLOWER SELLER'S TALE

Many brakes of holiday makers stopped at the "Wake Arms," Leyton, on their way to Epping. Booths of sweets and fruit were erected by the road side in the hope that the fortunate travellers would buy; little barefoot boys turned somersaults for coppers, and men and women with big baskets flocked round, selling flowers.

Three of the brakes were decorated with bright purple, white and green and red flags and posters advertising the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT. Everyone knew that they belonged to the East London Suffragettes. A tidily dressed woman in a clean white apron held up her blooms to them. She had a comely face, with beautiful grey Irish eyes, set wide apart and very thick curling black lashes, but her expression was weary and troubled. One of the Suffragettes bought a bunch of flowers from her. The seller did not go on to find another customer. She stood looking up anxiously till a bustle of photographers and many eager questioners was past, that she might tell her story.

She said that she was Mrs. Mercer and that she lived at 2 Albert Road, North Buckhurst Hill. Her husband was out of work and she was the breadwinner for him and herself and their three little children. One day she had been very ill and in the evening went out to find her husband. She met him in the road, and was having "a few words with him" because he had left her alone in the house all day, when a policeman came up and told her to be off. She refused and the policeman began to push her. She said, "Leave me alone, my husband is the only one who has a right to handle me." The constable then arrested her and took her to the police station where he charged her with drunkenness. She demanded to be examined by a doctor and the Station Superintendent then turned to the policeman and said, "I cannot accept this as a case of drunkenness, what is the matter with her?" She told her story and the Superintendent said, "Was there anyone else there?" She said, "There were a few of my friends about." "Oh, very well, with you and the policeman, that constitutes a crowd" said the Superintendent. "You will be charged with disorderly conduct and obstruction." He then ordered her to appear at the Stratford police station, snd though she refused to do so she was allowed out on a bail of £2. It would have cost her 9d. to go to Stratford police station, and she knew she had done nothing wrong. She needed all and more than all the money she had, to buy food for her children, so she would not go. A day or two afterwards a policeman appeared who said that her bail must be escheated, because she had not appeared to answer to the charge against her and that she must either pay £2 and the cost of the warrant, or go to Holloway for a month. She had not £2 with which to pay and she was therefore dragged off to prison and her children were removed to the Workhouse. She was not convicted for any offence, presumably, therefore, she was held to be innocent of the original charge.

HOUSING CONDITIONS.

It is many years since 60 out of every 100 of the houses in the Brady Street area of Bethnal Green were condemned as unfit for human habitation. So long ago as 1854 the surveyor of the Board of Works reported on the question of drainage for this area, saying that only a temporary system would be necessary, as, because of its dilapidated character, the property would soon have to be pulled down. Nothing was done and these miserable dwellings are still densely overcrowded with human beings. The number of persons to an acre in the Brady Street area is 408, though 50 persons an acre is considered to be the healthy standard. There is a death rate in this district of 24 per 1,000 as compared with the death rate of 17 per 1,000 for the remainder of the Borough, and 13 per 1,000 for the whole of London. The houses are in the last stages of dis-repair, yet such high rents as 5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. a week are charged for two miserable rooms. In these rooms large families are herded together. One visitor to Lisbon Street recently found two families residing side by side, each occupying two rooms and each consisting of a mother, father and eight children. Another visitor to Lisbon Street was told by a nursing mother that the newly patched ceiling had fallen down on her the night her baby was born. Two deputations have waited upon the President of the Local Government Board this month to urge that something shall be done to improve the housing conditions in this area, but no practical assurance were given.

The death rate shows that the houses in this area are death traps to those who live in them. They are also plague spots which are infecting the surrounding neighbourhood. The death rate from tubercular disease in the Brady Street area of Bethnal Green is double that of other parts of the Borough, a Borough in which the death rate in all diseases is terribly high. The death rate from zymotic diseases, (that is to say diseases caused by the multiplication of living germs introduced from without into the body), is 4.4 as compared with 1.7 over all London.

The dwellers in the Brady Street area should be amongst the first to join the "No Vote, No Rent" Strike. The names of No Rent Strikers are fast coming in, but we want them to come in faster still, for we know that the "No Vote, No Rent" Strike will certainly bring the Government to its knees and secure the enfranchisement of women. When men were fighting for the franchise they refused to pay their rates and taxes until they obtained the power to vote for them. The "No Vote, No Rent" Strike is a stronger weapon and more easily wielded than that of mere tax resistance, and the state of affairs in the Brady Street area shows that the strikers need have no pity for the landlords.

I promise to join the "No Vote, No Rent" Strike.

Name .....

Address .....

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A. GLIKSTEN, *Advertisement Manager.*

The

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Annual Subscription: Post free, 4s. 4d.

No. 20.—Saturday, Aug. 1st, 1914.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

THE DUBLIN SHOOTING OUTRAGE.

The horrible shooting outrage which took place in Dublin last Sunday shows us, as clearly as anything has done the extraordinarily mean cowardice of this Government. They are supposed to be ardent supporters and protagonists of the Irish Nationalist claim to Home Rule, yet they reserve all leniency of treatment for their supposed enemies, the Conservative Ulsterites. Sir Edward Carson and his men have imported arms, and drilled openly without hindrance. Even last Saturday 5,000 Ulster Volunteers, with machine guns, paraded through the Dublin streets, following within a hundred yards a company of Government soldiers, and actually keeping step to their band; yet bayonets were used next day to force Nationalist Volunteers to give up their rifles.

Worse still, when the populace, full of grief and anger at having heard that men had been injured by the soldiery, threw stones and apples; shots were fired; two men and a woman were killed; and many men, women and children seriously hurt. The Government try to place the responsibility of these happenings upon their subordinates, but the Government in power must bear the responsibility for what has happened. It is clearly shown that those who have powerful aristocratic influence may break the law with impunity, whilst against poor men the law will be administered with rigidity, and voteless women will be treated with barbarity.

WAR?

It is said that we may be on the brink of a great European war in which Great Britain may be implicated.

Which of us can realise that this awful thing may be surely coming towards us? Our minds shrink from accepting it. We put it away as children do the thought of death in their own homes—as something that only happens to other people.

During recent years there have been many war scares, but how many of us have believed, with a clear prevision of what a Europeon war would mean to us, that it would come.

Those of us who had relatives in the South African war learnt something of what war means. The rest of us it taught hardly anything of the truth; for *that* war was far away and waged with a few poor farmers. We had to pay heavy war taxes; it cost a great deal even to beat the Boers, but the cost of that war was as nothing, even in money, to what we should have to pay if we fought a nation that might turn out to be as strong or stronger than ourselves. A struggle with one of our great rivals would bring the awful realities of warfare to the knowledge of every family in the land.

War has begun between Austria and Servia, ostensibly because of the assassination of the Austrian heir by a Servian student some weeks ago. Servia and other Slav Kingdoms regard Austria as their oppressor. Austria says that the Slavs are plotting against her. Russia, one of the cruellest of despots, the arch-enemy of political freedom, of Russians as well as of subject peoples, is threatening Austria with war if Servia be oppressed. We British have made Russia one of our allies.

The Liberal newspapers speak cautiously, blaming both Servia and Austria. *The Times* declares our readiness to fight.

If we are dragged into war, we women will have no deciding voice in the matter—not even the melancholy privilege of voting against the Party that declared war, when the next General Election comes round.

Men themselves have grasped their political power so lightly, and cared so little for it, that neither those of them who are voters, nor those who are chosen as rank and file Members of Parliament to represent their fellows, will be taken into consultation, or even told the inner facts of the situation, before war is declared. Probably they will never know the facts.

In industrial warfare the men and women concerned (whether they be workers, or associations of employers) decide by a majority vote when and why War shall be entered into and what the terms of settlement shall be.

But in a question of foreign war the Cabinet and other persons of mysterious powerful influence decide it, before ordinary people even know. All sorts of reasons that sound glorious and patriotic are invariably put forward in support of a declaration of war; but it is practically certain that every war of modern times has been fought with the purely materialistic object of forwarding the schemes and protecting the interests of powerful and wealthy financiers.

Men without wealth, who individually can do little, but together are politically all-powerful, are ever complaining, yet allow this to go on.

Women, who are without any political power to stay it, are always the heaviest sufferers by every war.

Year by year—for there is always war somewhere—many thousands of women and children non-combatants are killed and outraged, or perish from famine and the diseases that follow in war's train. The Dublin shooting on Sunday, July 26th, has shown us that, if proof were needed.

But happier are they who die in war than those women who are left to drag on in maimed and blighted plight.

With grateful thanksgiving would any being chose, as the easier course, to be released by death, if he or she could realise all that the future holds, rather than face the bitter struggle with hardship working widows with little children have to meet.

Poor widows of soldiers pay their proportion of war taxes with the rest.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

AN ESSEX MEETING.

Agricultural labourers in the Saffron Walden district came out on strike, in order to secure that their weekly wage of 14s. should be paid regularly, wet or fine. In wet weather many men have only been earning from 7s. to 9s. a week, and cottage rents in the district are usually 1s. 6d. a week Agricultural labourers' wives have terrible difficulty in making ends meet, and there is no class of women in the country that more urgently needs the Parliamentary vote than they do.

On Sunday, July 26th, the strikers asked Miss Sylvia Pankhurst to go down to Bumpstead to speak to them on Votes for Women. A crowd of some 3,000 people from all over Essex assembled outside the "Peg and Whistle." A procession was organised, and many cheers were given for the Suffragettes. The stock of 300 copies of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT that had been taken down was soon exhausted.

WANTED to rent for August, furnished, Cottage, near London. Must have modern conveniences.—Write "Box 100," *Woman's Dreadnought* Office.

THE BISHOP'S BILL.

On Monday, July 27th, the Bishop of London withdrew his Bill for the protection of young girls against criminal outrage. The Government Amendments have so grievously mutilated it that it has become a danger rather than a defence, and the present law would be weakened by it. The Bishop said that it was doubtful whether, if the Bill now became law, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children could carry on its work at all. Men under 21 would be able to do as they liked unchecked. The fate of his Bill should strengthen the Bishop's determination to secure Votes for Women, for had the Government been responsible to women electors it would have been obliged to help and not to hinder the cause of protecting the little daughters of our people.

FALLEN

(A Roumanian Peasant Woman's Song).

TO LORD HALDANE.

Plant no more flowers, I tell thee, beside the cottage-wall,
Its shadow makes them wither—and flowers love the sun.

Four weeks it is, O sister, that not a single raindrop
Has fallen on our meadows, and for four weeks I weep.
Yes, I—who with my laughter could make those laugh that wept.
I hate my girdle's pearl-drops, the ducats of my necklace,
And as the Heiduck's mantle, my bodice weighs me down.
For sin has crossed my threshold, and shut the door behind it,
And I am left a prisoner, here with my sin alone.
The blessed air of heaven can find me out no longer,
Since sin has shut the door.
And they, whom once I cherished, all tell me now: "We leave thee
Here with thy sin alone."
When that is born that comes of sin, how dare I
Say to it "Thou art born."
For could it answer, it would surely answer:
"Far better had I died."
Show me the churchyard road, that I may learn there
To trust the graves, and tell them of my sin;
The grave alone will not upbraid me with it,
For they still say to love:
"Love, be thou blessed for all the fruits thou bearest."
And never question, how these fruits are born.
But all things living turn from me away.
The maidens spurn me: "We are pure they say.
The stars are all ashamed to look at me;
Our crops are long forsaken of the rain;
He whom I love, upbraids me that I loved him,
And fearfully his glance avoideth mine;
When at the sight of me the maidens redden,
He reddens too—my shame makes him ashamed.
The fountain gives me water as of yore,
But the cool draught refreshes me no more;
And if I should draw nigh, they would reproach it
For letting this my face be mirrored there;
The wand'rer is amazed
To see my spindle's weariness, and asks:
"Who is yon wife, whose spindle is so listless?"
Then falt'ringly my sisters answer him:
"We know not whence her spindle's weariness."
Show me the churchyard road, that I may learn
To make the graves my friends,
Since from their homes and hearths men banish me,
Because my coming poisons all their joy,
Seeing I ever bring my curse with me.
The joy that once I tasted is like a dried up river,
With naught but stones to fill it—the river is dried up.
For joy can cross my threshold no more, since sin has crossed it,
And shut the door so fast.
Plant no more flowers, I pray thee, so close around the cottage,
Its shadow makes them wither—and flowers love the sun.

From *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*, Roumanian Folk-Songs collected by HELENE VACARESCO, and translated by CARMEN SYLVA and ALMA STRETTELL.

THROUGH GREAT PRIVATIONS

Every working woman should read the autobiography of Adelheid Popp.*

She was born in 1869 in the village of Inzerschorf, near Vienna.

Her mother was a woman of tremendous industry and fortitude, hardened by constant poverty and misfortune. She was an orphan and was sent to service at six years of age. Adelheid, her youngest and fifteenth child, was born when she was 47. She had had a baby every two years, and had suckled each one for 16 to 18 months, in the hope of putting off another confinement. Only four of her children lived to grow up. All the years she was child-bearing the mother worked unceasingly. She was a slave to work, and made slaves of her children. Her nature became warped and embittered, and Adelheid says that she repelled her caresses, and suspected deceit in any show of affection, except when the child was seriously ill.

When she was left a widow she worked at whatever offered, to keep her children, learning trades that she did not know, and never giving in for a single day, though her hands were poisoned by dye, and ulcers gathered under her arms. She had a horror of debt, and could not bear to be dependent upon anyone.

Adelheid feared her father. She never remembers him to have addressed a single word to her. He drank, and when his wife complained, he beat her horribly so that she sometimes ran away, and hid for several days, leaving her children, in fear of their father, to the chance care of neighbours.

Adelheid says:—

I remember no tender words, no kisses, but only the anguish which I endured as I crept into a corner, or under the bed, when a domestic scene took place.

She remembers two Christmas trees; the first when she was not quite five years old:—

My mother wanted just to show me, her youngest child, what the Christ Child was. For many weeks she had constantly striven to save a few farthings in order to buy me some little cooking utensils. The Christmas tree was adorned with chains of coloured paper and gilded nuts, and hung with modest playthings. We waited for our father to light the candles; he had gone to the factory to deliver some goods. He was to bring money home. Six o'clock struck, then seven, then eight—our father did not come. We were all hungry and wanted our supper. We were obliged to eat the nice poppy balls, apples and nuts—to eat without our father—after which I went to bed, without seeing the candles burn on the Christmas Tree. My mother was too much put out to light up the tree. I lay sleepless on my bed. I had looked forward so much to the Christ Child, and now he stayed away. At last I heard my father come; another angry scene took place. He had brought less money than my mother expected, for he had visited a public house on his way. . . . He had come home tipsy. At the noise which ensued I looked from my sleeping place, and then I saw my father cut the Christmas tree to pieces with a hatchet. I dared not scream. I only wept—wept till I fell asleep.

Under-fed and ill-clad, the man had had six miles to go in the freezing cold. Perhaps we should not blame him too harshly because, lacking his wife's strength of character, he spent a little money in drink to warm himself and stayed too long. But what a memory for his child!

The other Christmas tree was a giant fir, "giving more light" than Adelheid "had ever seen. It was loaded with presents, and arranged for poor children by a rich manufacturer, who afterwards employed Adelheid's mother to work in his factory twelve hours a day, for 6s. a week. I could not believe," Adelheid says, "that therein lay the source of his generosity."

Soon after that first Christmas tree Adelheid's father developed cancer. He refused to go to the hospital, and the money needed for doctors and medicines swallowed up nearly all his children's earnings.

When he died, as he did without a kind word to his wife and children, the family were destitute. The three elder boys found work away and could send nothing home. The fourth, aged 10, was taken from school and put into a factory. He

* "The Autobiography of a Working Woman."—Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London.

also worked as a skittle boy, setting up ninepins on Sundays and in the evenings. The mother worked at what she could get, but, at a time when she was out of employment, the youngest boy fell on the ice, and this was the beginning of a lingering illness from which he never recovered. Just then, too, one of the other boys ran home because his master was cruel to him.

The family came very near starvation. Neighbours gave them food for the sick brother. The rest went to the restaurants to beg for the water in which sausages had been boiled. Adelheid, then aged about eight, knitted stockings for sale and ran messages.

Later she sewed pearl buttons on to paper for a farthing and a-half a gross. She could not earn more than 6¾d. a week.

Her mother, who had never been to school and could not read, made Adelheid write a petition for shoes to a duchess, who lived three miles away. The child was sent for to fetch them, and also given a new warm jacket and books to read. Her mother received work in the duchess's garden.

The sick brother was sent to the hospital, where he lay for about a year, always begging to come home to his mother, although everyone was good to him and gave him presents. One day a nurse came to tell his mother that he was dead. He was buried in a pauper's grave.

Meanwhile, the duchess had been told that Adelheid's mother had well-to-do sons, and so would help the family no more.

Adelheid was taken from school at ten years of age, and she and her mother moved to Vienna.

Adelheid learned to crochet shawls, and worked for twelve hours a day, for 5d. or 6d. She took more work home to do at night, and though she had to be at her employer's at six o'clock in the morning, when she could not keep on long enough at night because her fingers were stiff with cold, her mother would wake her earlier in the morning to finish what had been left undone overnight, putting a chair in the bed for her to keep her feet from freezing. Her greatest wish was "just once to have her sleep out."

The mother and daughter lived first in a single room with an old husband and wife, who told fortunes, and afterwards in a room lighted only by panes in the door, which they shared with Adelheid's brother and a man friend of his.

At eleven years Adelheid was apprenticed to lace making. Again she worked twelve hours a day, earning 1½d. an hour, at her employer's house, and often took work home to do at night. On Saturday she was obliged to clean her employer's house and carry heavy jugs of water from the spring. On Sunday she helped her mother at home, and sometimes had to do outdoor work beside.

Neverthess, she read a great deal; poems, novels, histories, newspapers, whatever she could lay hands on, spending her Sunday afternoons reading in the churchyard. She says:—

> I was withdrawn from real life and identified myself with the heroines of my books. I repeated to myself all the words they spoke. . . . I was in quite another world, and neither saw nor felt anything, either of the misery around me, or my own.

Her employers invited her to go on Sunday evenings to read aloud to them. Her mother and brother made her recite to them in bed at night. As a result, long after they had fallen asleep, she lay awake in an excited state, fearing to move lest she should wake her mother who was beside her. The long hours of toil and mental activity put an extraordinary strain upon one so young.

Again and again this little child had to tramp the streets alone in search of fresh employment. At 13 she found work in a bronze factory, where she had to solder with a pair of bellows driven by gas. She began to be subject to attacks of giddiness and exhaustion, and often had to sit down.

One night she was terrified by waking to find that her brother's friend had left his bed, and was bending over her, and afterwards would wake in the night with fearful dreams.

Soon she fell unconscious at her work, and the doctor who was called in said that she had a serious nervous illness. She was ordered much exercise and fresh air, and nourishing food, and was told that she must not return to the bronze factory.

Having lost the work, which was injurious to her, she was obliged to feed even more poorly than before, and as she went about the streets in search of other employment she was in constant fear of fainting. She was next engaged at a metal factory, where she had to carry burning material up by a ricketty stairway from underground. She was in such terror of fainting that she only stayed a few days, and moved to a cartridge factory. After three weeks she was again seized with illness.

Her mother did not know what was the matter with her and took her to a hospital for the insane, where she was petted and made much of, and the doctor lent her books by Schiller and Daudet.

In four weeks she was discharged as cured, and for three weeks searched in vain for work; then she was ill again and was taken back to the hospital.

When she had recovered she was told that she would never be strong enough for continuous work, and was removed to the workhouse, where she was put into a dormitory with old women. She says:—

> The old women coughed and had attacks of choking. Many were delirious and talked in the most extraordinary fashion. At night I could not sleep, because I was again terribly frightened. . . . . I had nothing to do—no needlework, no books—no one troubled about me. I sought out the most lonely paths in the great garden to be able to weep.

One day a thoughtful official saw her and had her summoned before the board. It was decided that she must either go back to her relatives or be sent to her native parish in Bohemia, the language of which she did not know.

Next day her mother came to take her away and, at great sacrifice, paid for her to learn white sewing for four weeks. The woman who undertook to teach her merely gave her her own baby to nurse, and at the end of the month turned her away knowing nothing.

Then began another long hunt for work, in which she became so desperate that she visited church after church, prostrating herself before the alter. At last she obtained work at a glass paper factory, but left suddenly, because one of the officials kissed her, and her fellow workers terrified her by telling her what the man would expect of her later on.

Her mother and brother said that there was no harm in a kiss and upbraided her for being afraid to go to work next day. But when she got to the factory she shrank from entering, and walked the streets in despair. This went on till the end of the week, when she was obliged to tell her mother and brother, who scolded her bitterly and called her lazy.

At last she found permanent employment in a cork factory owned by one who was called "a good master." She was paid 8s., 9s., 10s., and finally 12s. a week, and believed herself very fortunate. She spent no more money on food than when she had earned 4s. or 5s., but saved and bought better clothes.

Hitherto she had been employed in domestic workshops and had been taught to despise factory girls, but she was impressed by the goodness of those with whom she now worked, their kindness to each other and the uncomplaining sacrifices they made for the parents, children, and invalid husbands they had to support.

She had been told that factory workers were frivolous, but she saw that when they took their pleasures in the summer they would walk an hour to save a halfpenny fare. When they had worked eleven hours in the factory, and another hour's walk home, they would mend their clothes and unpick their dresses to make new ones. Even the intervals for their meals were devoted to knitting, crocheting, or embroidery.

Adelheid was now about 17. Her chief wish was to save enough to make it unnecessary for her mother to earn money. She also wanted very much to be confirmed, and by considerable sacrifice found this possible. She was still reading a great deal; Goethe she rejected as "immoral" and "licentious," but returned to him later.

Up to this time Adelheid had been a devoted admirer of emperors, kings, and aristocrats. She mourned the deaths of crowned heads, and knew more of their doings than of her neighbours'. When a proclamation was nailed up in the streets forbidding assemblies of the people, she was much excited, and mounted the work-table to recite it to her companions. She had become a strong Anti-Semite, and persuaded her companions to refuse to buy at Jewish shops.

But now some mysterious murders were ascribed to an Anarchist group that had grown active, and a number of anarchists and Social Democrats were arrested and put on trial. She read their speeches and became an enthusiastic convert to social democracy.

A wave of industrial unrest swept over the city. The police confiscated trade union funds. Demonstrations of protest took place and were broken up by the soldiers. Each evening Adelheid rushed from the factory to the scene of the disturbance.

Later, she and her mother went to live with one of her brothers who was married. He and his friend read the newspaper of their trade union, in which Adelheid was deeply interested. One of the visitors was a Social Democrat, who explained to her Anarchy, Socialism and Republicanism. Her socialist faith was confirmed and she became an ardent Republican. She believed that the changes she desired were at hand, and actually counted the weeks before a revolution of society could take place.

Now she became a regular reader of the Social Democratic paper. Hitherto she had held aloof from others, but now she set herself to make converts of her workmates, and of the friends of her brothers and their wives. She read the socialist paper aloud in the factory, and had soon made ten subscribers to it.

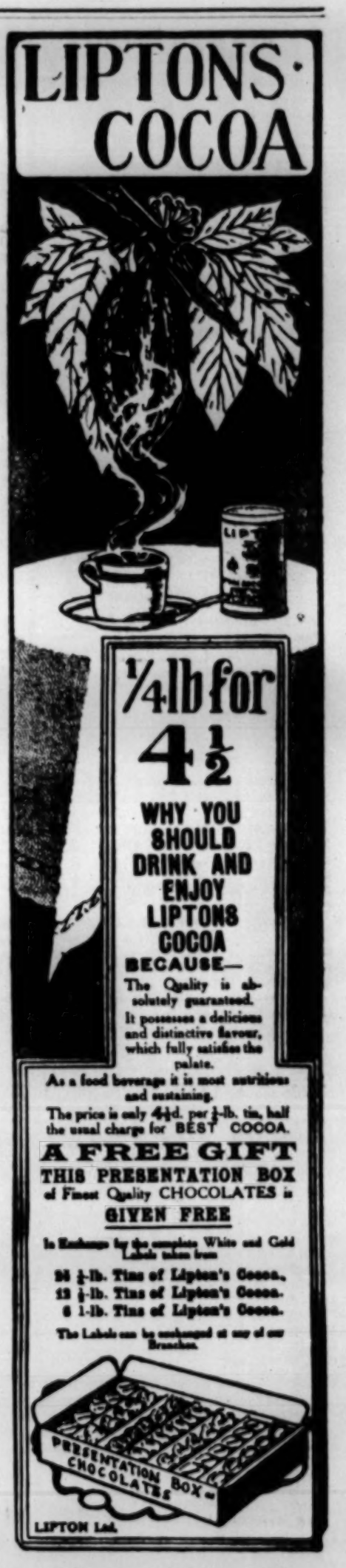
But for some time she thought that she could never have a real share in the socialist movement, for all the exhortations in the paper were addressed to men. She wished that she was a man for she believed that women could not go to meetings.

Nevertheless, she was now going each week to the sales room of the Social Democratic Party to buy her papers, dressed in her best clothes, and entering it as though it were a sanctuary. She subscribed 2½d. to the socialist election fund. At last there came an article against the exploitation of women in the socialist paper. This filled her with excited joy and pride. She mounted a chair at home and made a speech to her brother's friends. They declared that she was "a born orator," and one of them lent her books from the trade union library. She read Engels, Lafargue Lassalle and a speech by Liebknecht. But still she thought that, being a woman, she could never join in the movement, as all these writings were addressed to men.

At last she went to a great socialist meeting with her brother. She was the only woman present. She was filled with even greater enthusiasm. At her second meeting were two women, and as stories of the deprivations of the poor were told she felt as though urged to exclaim: "I know that too, I can also tell of such things," but she thought it unwomanly even to applaud—"beside they only talked of men at the meetings."

Then she went to an election meet-

(*continued on page 80, col. 2.*)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THE WAR FOR THE VOTE.

On the 27th of July, the goods of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the well-known novelist, were sold up for taxes which she refused to pay as a protest against the denial of the vote to women.

Miss Mary Richardson was released from Holloway on July 28th, in a very serious condition. Miss Annie Hunt who was sentenced on the 17th, for damaging a picture of Carlyle, was released on the same day.

Miss Eileen Casey was sentenced on July 27th, to 15 months imprisonment, for having been found with Cheddite with a long fuse attached, in her possession on the occasion of the King's visit to Birmingham.

July 25th.—Re-arrest of Christine Adams, (sentenced for praying for prisoners).

Jnly 25th.—Arrest of Gertrude Francis on a charge of firing hayricks.

July 25th.—Release of Dorothy Evans after several days hunger and thirst strike.

July 26th.—Release of Miss Arabella Scott after over three weeks forcible feeding.

Two ricks were fired at Inglesbatch near Bath on Friday, July 24th, the damage being estimated at £220. A woman was arrested on suspicion next day.

A large marquee in the Wilson Grammar School playing fields, Dulwich, was destroyed by fire. Damage £80.

A. E. WAKEFIELD, 259 Old Ford Road, Grocer.—General Stores.—Goods of best quality. Clubs held.

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW AND BROMLEY.

On Wednesday, July 22nd, Miss Pankhurst spoke at Crowder's Hall. Now we have once had her, unmolested, we intend to try and get her there often; and make Bromley as strong a centre as Bow. Will Bromley members help us in this, as we want to have a strong campaign there? The usual Wednesday meetings will be held at the Obelisk instead of in the Hall during August, because of the hot weather. Members are urged to come to the shop in Roman Road, Tuesdays, 3 p.m., and join the working parties for canvassers, etc. The stall in the Roman Road will continue every Friday and Saturday, and helpers are badly needed for it. At the members' meeting on Friday next we are having a debate on: "The Insurance Act and how it affects Women." A very enjoyable day was spent by members who went in brakes to Theydon Bois on Sunday last. On the way home we stopped at the Green man, where we held a short but successful meeting, at which Mrs. Walker spoke. Mrs. Bouvier will take charge of the organising work in Bow and Bromley during the holidays, and members are urged to give her a cordial welcome and help her as much as they can.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending July 24th:
Central 535 Bow and Bromley 941

Miss Bennett	... ...	172
Mrs. Connell	... ...	160
Mrs. Payne	... ...	230

The 201 credited to Miss Marks last week should have been 280.

Distributed — Mrs. Connell 90; Mrs. Knudson and Mrs. McCheyne 350; Mrs. Savoy 250; Mrs. Weaver 200; Mrs. Clarke 200; Mrs. Husted 200; Mrs. Watkins 200; Mrs. Pascoe 100; Mrs. Caslisle 400; Mrs. Lake 50.

POPLAR.

Organiser—MISS MARY PATERSON.
Office—319 EAST INDIA DOCK ROAD.

Canvassing parties have been started on Tuesday afternoons. Excellent work of this kind has been done on the Island by Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Neuss, Mrs. Bertram, Miss Long, and Mrs. Churcher. Miss Harley has promised to come with the party whenever possible.

Members gave generously to the tea at the Outing. Mrs. Neuss gave a very large, rich cake; Mrs. Cressall, a cake; Miss Lagsding, three sandwichcakes and some small cakes; Miss Burns, jam tarts.

Miss Morley provided lanterns and decorations for the brake.

An open-air demonstration will be held at the Dock Gates on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 23rd, at which Miss Sylvia Pankhurst will be the chief speaker.

81 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending July 24

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Hon. Sec.—MRS. DAISY PARSONS,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

On Thursday an interesting article on "Walt Whitman" was read by Mrs. Bradley, and his poems from "Leaves of Grass" were much appreciated. There was a good meeting on Friday at Becton Road, when Miss Grimes and Mr. Johnson both spoke. The members who went to Theydon Bois on Sunday did good work by distributing *Dreadnoughts*.

Miss Mayo is going away for her holiday, and the speakers' class will be discontinued for August. More distributors for *Dreadnought* wanted.

Canning Town. Dist. leader—Mrs. Millo, 1 Ravenscroft Rd. Distributors—Mrs. Sands, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Tidmarsh and Mrs. Roper.

Plaistow. Dist. leaders—Mrs. Hawkins, 29 Beaufoy Rd. Distributors—Mrs. Ward, Miss Putt and Mrs. Cook.

Custom House. Dist. leader—Miss Leggett, 74 Chauntler Rd. Distributor—Miss Coxe and Mrs. Pullen.

Tidal Basin. Dist. leader—Miss Penn, 10 Brent Rd. Distributor—Miss Greenleaf.

Silvertown. Dist. leader—Miss Grimes, 27 Newland St. Distributors—Miss Nicholas and Miss Ivy Hall.

142 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending July 24

THE HOLIDAYS.

We wish to make a special appeal to members who are going away for their holidays, to take with them a large number of "DREADNOUGHTS." Remember a halfpenny paper is twice as easy to sell as a penny one, and suffragette papers always sell well amongst holiday makers. It is very important that the paper should be made known outside East London. Every effort is needed to increase the sales and bring in money to keep the paper going. Wherever you go, sell the DREADNOUGHT. Any chance buyer may become a permanent subscriber, so no opportunity must be lost.

Will anyone pay for more posters in tube stations. The cost is 20s. to 30s. annually. Four are promised, but we can do with as many more as there are tube stations.

Votes for Women can be surely won by the "No Vote, No Rent Strike" send in your names for it at once.

(*Continued from page 79.*)

ing. Women were forbidden by the police to attend election meetings, but she was hidden away in the back corner.

Then came the propaganda for the labour holiday on the first of May. She threw herself into it and endeavoured to get her workmates to agree to stand up in token of assent when she petitioned the employer for it. But they refused, and when a notice was issued in the factory stating that all who stayed away on Thursday, May 1st, must remain away till Monday, she also drew back, because she could not face her mother with a reduced wage, and was afraid of losing her work altogether.

The following year she, in conjunction with a man socialist in the factory, gained the day. This time she succeeded in getting the daughters and wives of master workmen, who held a favoured position, to form a deputation.

Soon after this, in 1901, when she was 22, she made her first public speech. It was at a Sunday morning meeting of a trade union branch, to which attempts had been made to bring women. Nine women only were present, and 300 men. The speaker dealt with the under-cutting of men's labour by women, and spoke on the contentedness of women workers under sweated conditions as a crime.

When the audience were asked to join in the discussion, Adelheid felt that she must speak in defence of her sex. She told of tne hard, ill-paid toil of working women, and their small opportunities of mental culture. She appealed to the men to help them to a wider life.

She was overwhelmed with applause and was asked to write an article for the trade union paper. She did so joyfully, but with fear for her bad spelling and composition. Henceforth she became more and more active in the cause, and with others signed an appeal for funds to start a socialist paper for women.

For some time she had been conscious that the foreman at the factory was hostile to her. He inspected her work constantly. Her employer had warned her to be diligent. Now she was sent for to his office. He met her with the Socialist paper and asked her if she had signed the appeal. She said "yes," and he told her that she must not carry on any Socialist agitation or hold any meetings in the factory.

She intended to do as she was told, but could not adhere to her resolve. She could not refrain from pointing out to the inspectors that children under fourteen were employed. She found that the two representatives on the governing body of the sick club, to which the workpeople were entitled were nominated by the employer. She held a meeting in the courtyard and got this altered. She collected from her work mates for the funds of great strikes that were taking place.

Her employer knew of these things, but she was not dismissed, and when she eventually left he presented her with a testimonial praising her "diligence and extraordinary application."

Meanwhile she was attracting great public attention. Her speeches were widely reported and once she was threatened with arrest. She had become a member of the managing committee of a working women's organisation. She was speaking in the evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays, though she still had to be in the factory at 7 a.m., and often had to go without meals to cover her expenses. One day she again fainted and afterwards was carried home from work. Again she was ordered good food, fresh air and plenty of sleep—all things impossible to her.

Her mother was always complaining. She had been a slave to gaining enough to exist on for so long that she counted all work not done for pay as a crime. Adelheid took her to a meeting in the country to hear her speak to a great audience. The old woman cared nothing for the applause and appreciation shown to her daughter. She cried because she feared that speaking for so long would make Adelheid ill. She could not understand but little of what her daughter said, for she was a Bohemian and only knew the most ordinary expressions in German.

She complained that Adelheid was not paid for her Socialist work, but when shortly after, in 1902, her daughter, aged 23, was emancipated from the factory and chosen to give all her time to the organisation of working women, and to be editor of the *Arbeiterinnen Zeitung*, the old woman was still unsatisfisd.

Engels and Bebel went to see her, in the hope of reconciling her. She did not realise that they were great leaders of international fame, and only saw in them wooers for her daughter, wooers whom she thought too old.

Adelheid's joy in her new work was marred by her mother's complaining, and when she married the old woman stilt lamented bitterly, because her husband was also an active worker for Socialism, and because she considered that he also was too old.

Adelheid continued her public work and her studies after her marriage, and her husband encouraged her to take lessons in spelling, grammer and ianguages. She continued to do a phenomenal amount of work, for she had only the help of her old and infirm mother in the house, and she had two children. Her husband was always ailing and sometimes she was tempted to stay at home rather than go away to meetings, but her husband always urged her to put her public duty first. She says:—

What has not my husband gone through to make such work possible for his wife—work which he considered useful to the working classes. I have experienced how happy and untroubled a marriage can be, if it rests on perfect harmony of thought and feeling. When the husband recognises the capabilities of his wife and does not only desire that his capabilities shall receive recognition from her.

Her husband died in less than eight years after their marriage. Her poor old mother cried: "If only I could have died and he be spared!"

Adelheid says:—

To be inspired, to serve a great cause, gives so much joy and lends such high worth to life, that one can bear very much without losing courage."

The life of this remarkable woman teaches us many things. We must recognise in her sorrows and prlvations those of hundreds of thousands of other women, not in Austria alone, but in every civilised country, not least our own.

Mr. Ramsay McDonald, in a preface to the English edition of this book, (translated by F. C. Harvey) tells us that when his wife first read it, she said that had her lot been that of Adelheid Popp "she would have considered it her mission to curse, with a harshness and bitterness of heart, the society under which she was born."

But, says Mr. MacDonald, the lot of a working woman on the Continent is harder than it is here. "Saint and sinner stand there in opposite, well defined camps, with no neutral territory between, with no common meeting ground where an evening can be spent under a truce, and where beneath the shadow of the olive trees, enemies may become friends. Here there are no such meeting places."

But is that so? The story that Adelheid Popp tells recalls to *me* so much that is English. The "Good Master," who paid his workwomen just a little more than other people, who kept their places open for weeks when they were ill, and went around to see them at their meals, and if a girl were pretty and "knew how to complain," would give her a tip to buy something more to eat. The "Good Master" who yet employed children under age, cheated the factory inspectors, and refused the workers a holiday on the first of May, and though he conceded it one year, ever after fined those who took part in it, and after she had left exacted a written pledge from his workers that they would have nothing to do with Adelheid and the Socialist Party. Are there not many "Good Masters" in this country like him? But here he would have been a Liberal M.P., prating of freedom—instead of an old Conservative, as he probably was in Vienna.

The husband who drank, perhaps because his life was barren, and beat his wife, have we not here many such—warped by poverty and the product of evil conditions? The story of the man's refusal to go into hospital, although the cost of doctors and medicines forced his children to be hungry, recalls to my mind the case of a man in Kensington, who died of phthisis, and lived with his wife and two little girls in a tiny single room. He refused to go into hospital, though told of the danger to his wife and children and, just as the little Adelheid felt no sorrow for her father's death, so this man's youngest child said: "now he won't hit me any more."

The sweated labour of home workers, is it not here with us in full measure? Have we not alas little children sewing buttons and hooks and eyes on to cards.

Adelheid's employer testified to her diligence and extraordinary application, "but in spite of it and wonderfully gifted as she was, there was no chance for her to rise in factory life; 12s. would probably have remained her maximum wage. There was no chance for her to become a forewoman, though the foreman over her had once been an ordinary workman in the same factory. Is not that exactly the position of working women in our country? Are not the higher positions in almost every trade shut to them?

The low wages of women, the families living in single rooms—these are here also. The foremen who make favourites of the women under them in order to seduce them and who secure their dismissal if they refuse their advances; these, alas, we have also here in England!

Adelheid's belief that politics were not for women, because the Social Democratic paper, that she prized so much and the books and speeches of those who were heroes to her, addressed all their exhortations to men, is still common in this country. We still find labour newspapers and labour leaders all too prone to forget the women, in spite of the agitation of Suffragists. No doubt this still happens in Vienna, although it is more than 20 years since Adelheid made her first speech. What is the reason of it? It is because women are shut out from the general scheme of Government. Socialists and Labour leaders, like Liberals, Conservatives and any others who have governmental schemes to promote, naturally think first of the voters who can make their projects possible, and so address themselves to them.

Moreover, as men only are the elected persons, men candidates (and are not most political leaders candidates at some time?) address themseles first to men and think of men's special wants and needs first, because they are men like themselves, as well as because they are the voters who can, if they wish, elect the orator to power.

Women, it is so clear! We are on the bottom rung of poverty and exploitation. As Adelheid Popp and others like her are needed to organise women's trade unions, so women are needed also to build up a political force for women's needs.

VOTES FOR WOMEN CHOIR.

Good progress is being made by the Votes for Women Choir; but for Dr. Ethel Smyth's "1910" many more men's voices are required. All those who wish to join the choir should write to the Secretary, Mrs. W. Lansbury, at the Women's Hall, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow.

SPEAKERS' CLASS.

At the E.L.F.S. Central Speakers' Class last Monday, the pupils spoke from 8 to 9 in the Women's Hall, and at 9 o'clock went to the corner of Ford Road to hold an open-air meeting. The chair was taken by Mrs. Walsh, and Miss Grimes, Mrs. Farrall and Miss Watts were the speakers. A large and appreciative audience collected and 18 DREADNOUGHTS were sold. Miss Paterson will take the class each monday evening in August, Bank Holiday excepted. As Miss Mayo is going away for her holidays, the Canning Town Speakers' Class will be discontinued for the present. Canning Town and Poplar members will be welcome at the Central Class at the Women's Hall, Bow.

Crowder's Hall meetings will be discontinued during August.

A GREAT MEETING IN HACKNEY.

The E.L.F.S. held a tremendously enthusiastic meeting at the Devonshire Hall, Hackney, on Tuesday, July 28th. Every seat was occupied, and a large crowd of people stood packed together at the back of the hall. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mr. George Lansbury, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. Schlette were the speakers. Mrs. Haverfield was in the chair. Many new members were made.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

Miss Jackson 5/-; Anon £10; Mrs. Hulme 5/-; Miss La Motte 12/6; "Manchester" 5/-; Miss Lloyd 5/-. *For 'No Rent' strike*—Mrs. Isabella MacRae £5; Mrs. A. M. Burke 9/-; Mrs. Brewer £2.

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